

HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL



Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants
A Historical & Genealogical Society of Central West Virginia
Volume XXII, Issue 2, 2004

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HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL

Volume XXII, Issue 2, 2004

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Membership

"Membership shall be open to anyone who has an interest in the history and/or genealogy of the Central West Virginia area." This includes, particularly, Lewis, Harrison, Doddridge, Upshur, Braxton, Gilmer, Webster, Calhoun and Clay counties. We have about 1,000 members from 50 states and a 4 foreign countries. **DUES:** Membership dues are due October 1 and are effective through September 30 of the following year. Single or family membership is \$35.00 per year which includes one copy of each quarterly *HACKER'S CREEK JOURNAL*. There is an additional \$5 surcharge for "online" access and HCPD-L. **LIFE MEMBERSHIP:** available for \$600. If interested in becoming a member of HCPD, photocopy this page and return the completed membership form found elsewhere in this issue.

Annual Gathering

The annual meeting of the Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants is held during the month of August of each year. Come and join us and learn about the pioneers. Bring your genealogical materials, pictures and mementoes and spend "A GLORIOUS WEEKEND WITH YOUR COUSINS."

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From the DESK of the DIRECTOR



by Betty Ann Nicholson

Six months into my "new" job as your Executive Director, I find myself still learning new things every day. It is amazing how many different phases there are to operating an organization like this one. I, hopefully, have learned many things and will continue to do so. I don't have to yell for Joy quite so often now, but I still get nervous when she leaves town!

We have several activities coming up in the next few weeks. First is the Annual Gathering, August 12-15, 2004. I hope to see many of you here and to meet many members I have not met before. We will strive to make your attendance at Gathering a pleasant and memorable experience. Please contact us if we can assist you with your plans for attending.

Then it will be time for the Stonewall Jackson Heritage Arts and Crafts Jubilee which will be held September 3 through September 7 at Jackson's Mill. This is the largest fund raising event of the year for HCPD. We will be selling lots of WV-related books and sasparilla! We need lots of help to set up the sales areas and to work during the four day event. We ask any members who can possibly participate to do so. If you are willing to help, please let me know at hcpd@hackerscreek.com or call the library as we are already working on the schedule. It's a lot of work but it's also a good chance to visit with your fellow HCPD members and to enjoy the wonderful activities of the Jubilee.

We are also planning a fall yard sale for the first week-end in October. Please keep us in mind as you do your "spring cleaning" as we will need donations of merchandise. We hope everyone will come by and shop as well as have some of our "yummy" hot dogs.

Everyone enjoy the remainder of the summer and please remember we are here to serve the needs of our members. Please feel free to contact us at any time with your requests or suggestions.

Betty Ann

From

the MAILBOX



I just got my Journal today and spent several hours going over it. One thing I really zeroed in on was the "retention and recruitment" of members in a Society today.

As I am serving my 2nd term as President of Eastern Washington Genealogical Society - (1st was in 1994 -95) this is also one of my main concerns. It also seems to me that is shared by almost every society that I have contact with from time to time.

My thought is that the Internet has divided the genealogist into two groups: those who basically have never taken a class or those who have done their research the old way. By that I mean in the courthouse, getting military records, etc. etc. Then there are those who are devoted to their societies because often it is a social thing with them and yet they also are the ones who do all the volunteer work and love every minute of it.

The ones that decided to just begin their quest of finding family got into computers early on. Unfortunately they are also the ones (I am speaking in general terms), who accept every thing they find on the Web and never give a thought to where it came from or how correct it is.

I think that is because there are societies who are not doing educational seminars and pushing classes so that they learn to document correctly, etc. How many times have you let a bad habit get in your way when you are researching? I am thinking back eons ago. I would forget to put down the film number or something like that.

If you will remember back in the 1980's, the authority was Richard **LACKEY** on "Citing Your Sources" and then Elizabeth **SHOWN MILLS** came forward with "Evidence - Citation & Analysis for the Family Historian" in 1997. All the years she was the editor of the National Genealogical Society Quarterly, she kept trying to pull us all into the 21st century and do our citation of sources a correct and easy way. In fact, at a Conference in Seattle, listening to her, I thought - 'heck, I should just quit and let Elizabeth do my research for me.' It was a fleeting thought, of course.

My close friend (who also serves as my 2nd Vice President), Donna **POTTER PHILLIPS**, wrote an article about this very thing in the "Family Chronicles" that I thought hit the nail on the head. It is in the December 2003 issue, pg. 38. Donna's article was titled *Do We Still Need Societies?*

She says "emphatically yes" and then goes on to explain her reasons. It is like those who are self-educated and eventually get the information that they need... OR those who go to school to get the information that was directed toward them.

Genealogical societies are locally based - they know of more people, more resources, and have more knowledge of that area than anybody else and any other resource. Sure, you can sit in your jammies and surf the Internet until the wee hours but will the Internet teach you what to do with what you find and then to build upon that? Also will the Internet take the place of meetings, working with others, sharing with others who like the same thing you do? Can you find the books and resources that you need to compile your family history available to you thru the Web?

Societies are geared toward learning. They have regular meetings, speakers, compile and print local records and how-tos for the membership. They also maintain records and keep a collection of local materials.

Donna says the important things are:

- Opportunities to Serve - think of what all HCPD volunteers do, for heavens sake.
- Opportunity to Preserve - they gather at courthouses, archives to extract local records and then they are published for all of us but not always online. We try to stress that we need to give back to the genealogical community by making records available to all.
- Opportunity to have Fun - Everyone wants to share and listen to stories, find new cousin connections, etc.

AND finally Donna said that "there are a zillion kinds of genealogical information available on the Internet but it is the humble working members of local societies that *provide the information to the Internet.*" If you find the right thing, will you know what to do with it?

Our Society definitely feels the Internet has made the difference; all societies are having the same problem of dwindling membership. We have all had to raise our dues. One of the mid-Atlantic societies actually disbanded and sent their collection to the closest library. We just tried to think of ways to bring people to the meetings. It is always "bring a friend". Course Spokane is much larger but I now have my Board sit up front facing the membership for the business part, so the membership can see who is making it all work. We have greeters, cookies/coffee period 30 mins. before the meeting begins. Our *Bulletin* was given Honorable Mention by the NGS. We also have a web site and a list and we are continuing the educational sessions in the fall with all military, in fact I am speaking on

the Spanish-American War. That has brought in new members. We do it at 10:30 AM and again 6:30 for those who work. That has helped. Our June meeting has been turned into a German Seminar all day at the library with a speaker from Munich, Germany, Sabine **SCHLEICHERT**, who comes to the U.S. to Salt Lake City and then branches out to various societies and we only have the expenses from Salt Lake. I keep telling them that the EWGS goal is to **EDUCATE**, and that is written in stone as well as in the By-Laws and the Constitution mission.

So that is my view on the problem that most of the societies are having today. It seems to me that HCPD is doing all the same things and probably more. It seems to run in cycles and most people agree with that. I am sure the economy has some effect but that is also coming back. I think the age of those who are members also have an influence (mostly older). We can only hope and pray that the cycle will change and more will seek out what we can offer to them in the way of help in locating and documenting their ancestry.

Bette **BUTCHER TOPP**

Charles Warner White

WESTON -- Charles Warner **WHITE**, 79, of 397 West Second Street, Weston, WV, died at 5:05 a.m. on Tuesday, March 30, 2004, in Sunbridge of Salem, following a five-year battle with Alzheimer's disease.

Born on September 25, 1924, in Normantown, WV, he was a son of the late Warner L. **WHITE** and Lucy Belle (**BUTCHER**) **WHITE**.

On September 14, 1949, in Ashland, KY, he married the former Hazel May (**BAILEY**) **STRALEY WHITE**, who survives.

Survivors also include one daughter and son-in-law, Susan Rochelle **WHITE-LANG** (husband David W.), Crofton, MD; four grandchildren, David Wesley **LANG**, Audrey Rochelle **LANG**, Melanie Rebekah **LANG** and Gamette Ruth **LANG**, all of Crofton, MD; one brother and sister-in-law, Roy L. **WHITE** (wife Doris), Glenville, WV; one sister and brother-in-law, Dale **CHAPMAN** (husband Lawrence), Weston, WV; one sister-in-law, Joan **THOMPSON**; and several nieces and nephews, including Linda **TURNER**, Larry **CHAPMAN**, Michail **CHAPMAN**, Jerry Lee **WHITE**, Joseph **WHITE** and Lee **WHITE**.

He was preceded in death by three sisters, Eula **CULLEN** and two infant sisters; and two brothers, Dayton and Herbert **WHITE**.

Mr. **WHITE** was retired from Eastern Greyhound with thirty-four years' service. He worked the entire Eastern seaboard, having worked out of Washington, D.C., from 1951 until 1970, at which time he and Mrs. White moved to Belfast, ME, where he drove until retirement. While in Washington, D.C., he worked many charters which led him and Mrs. White to meet many dignitaries and be able to attend many embassy parties. He and Mrs. White were guests of President and Mrs. Harry **TRUMAN** for the dedication of the Samuel Gompers Memorial.

After moving to Maine, Mr. **WHITE** drove much of the time into Canada and was considered a great town guide for Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

Mr. White was formerly a member of the Broad Street U.B. Church and later joined the Mt. Zion Baptist Church, where he served as a trustee and deacon. He was a member of the Primrose Chapter No. 152, Order of Eastern Star, Belfast, ME; Scottish Rite member of the Valley of Rockland, ME, Lodge 14, Council 16, Chapter 18; Belfast Lodge No. 24, A.F. & A.M., Belfast, ME; a 32nd Degree Mason with the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Consistory of Portland, ME; a member of the American Legion Post No. 0043, Belfast, ME; also a charter member of the Hackers Creek Pioneer Descendants.

Mr. White was in the process of tracing his lineage back to the Mayflower, having located some of his ancestors in a cemetery in Montville, ME, about three weeks before moving back to West Virginia. He was a third great-grandson of Pauline **BUTCHER**, a Revolutionary soldier, as well as a fourth great-nephew of Joseph **WHITE**, Revolutionary soldier of Allegany County, MD, later Clarksburg, WV.

Mr. White was a graduate of Weston High School in 1943, also a member of the West Virginia State Guard, from which he had an honorable discharge on August 7, 1943. Also, in May 1943, he received the honorary rank of Cadet Aircraftsman from the United States Navy, Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington, D.C. He also had 2 ½ years college work in civil engineering after his discharge from World War II. He was a United States Army-Air Force veteran of World War II.

Funeral services were held Friday, April 2, 2004, at the Broad Run Baptist Church. Interment followed in the Broad Run Cemetery in Jane Lew, WV.

*"Why shouldn't I
buy it?
I've got the
money!"*

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. Not now today. Today it isn't ours alone.



"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can rise to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ruling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

*"But I thought the government put a
ceiling on prices."*

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ruling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets put only higher prices—they cause shortages.

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

*"Then what do you want me to do
with my money?"*

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can spend the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

*"Now wait! How do taxes help
keep prices down?"*

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW—while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So...

*Use it up...Wear it out...
Make it do...Or do without*



A UNITED STATES WAR MESSAGE PUBLISHED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL, APPROVED BY THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION AND COUNTERED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL OF AMERICA.

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A WORLD WAR II POSTER

WORLD WAR TWO TIMELINE

The timeline below includes some of the landmark military campaigns and battles of the United States Involvement in World War II as well as selected war-related U.S. government actions at home.

1941

World War II - Front Line Actions World War II - On the Home Front

- Dec. 7 Japanese attack Pearl Harbor
- Dec. 8 U.S. declares war on Japan
- Dec. 11 Germany and Italy declare war on U.S.
- April 11 Office of Price Administration (OPA) established

1942

World War II - Front Line Actions World War II - On the Home Front

- May 7 Battle of Coral Sea
- June 3 Battle of Midway
- Aug. 7 U.S. offensive at Guadalcanal
- Aug. 17 First USAAF raid in Europe
- Sept. 15 Papua-New Guinea campaign
- Nov. 8 Operation Torch (North African campaign)
- Jan. 24 OPA authorized to ration goods
- Jan. 30 Emergency Price Control Act
- Feb. 10 Last new civilian car made
- April Japanese-Americans relocated
- July 22 Gasoline rationing begins
- Nov. 30 First War Loan
- Dec. 27 Food Rationing Program announced

1943

World War II - Front Line Actions World War II - On the Home Front

- Jan. 4 Tunisian campaign
- Feb. 2 Germans surrender at Stalingrad
- Mar. 2 Battle of the Bismarck Sea
- May 13 North African war ends
- June 30 South Pacific offensive begins
- Aug. 15 Aleutians retaken
- Aug. 17 Patton conquers Sicily
- Sept. 9 U.S. Army lands at Salerno, Italy
- Oct. 9 USAAF Schweinfurt Raid
- Nov. 20 Central Pacific campaign begins
- Feb. first point rationing books distributed
- April 8 Roosevelt's "Hold the Line" Order freezes price increases
- April 12 Second War Loan
- Sept. 9 Third War Loan

1944

World War II - Front Line Actions World War II - On the Home Front

- Jan. 22 Allies land at Anzio, Italy
- Feb. 7 Allied victory in the Marshall islands
- June 4 Rome liberated
- June 6 D-Day (Operation Overlord begins in Europe)
- Jan. 18 Fourth War Loan
- June 12 Fifth War Loan
- Nov. 20 Sixth War Loan

- June 19 Battle of the Philippines Sea
- Aug. 15 Allied invasion of France (Operation Dragoon)
- Sept. 10 France liberated
- Sept. 11 Invasion of Germany
- Oct. 23 Battle of Leyte Gulf
- Nov. 24 Bombing of Japan begins
- Dec. 16 Battle of the Bulge

1945

World War II - Front Line Actions World War II - On the Home Front

- | | |
|---|---|
| • Jan. 9 Philippines Luzon Campaign | • April 12 Death of Franklin D. Roosevelt; Harry S Truman becomes President |
| • Feb. 8 Rhineland Campaign | • May 14 Seventh War Loan |
| • Feb. 23 Marines plant flag on Iwo Jima | • October 29 Eighth, or Victory, War Loan |
| • Mar. 9 USAAF Tokyo raid | |
| • April 1 Okinawa Campaign | |
| • May 2 Fall of Berlin | |
| • May 8 VE Day (Germany surrenders) | |
| • Aug. 6 Atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima | |
| • Sep. 2 VJ Day (Japan signs surrender agreement) | |

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MILITARY HISTORY OF STEWART GRAVATT HALL AS TOLD TO DR. DANIEL C. HYDE

Compiled May 1992 with Additions March 1996

Note from Dr. Hyde: For many decades, my Uncle Gravatt would not talk of the horrors he endured in a German Prisoner of War Camp during World War II. Sometime in 1990, he asked me if I would help him write his story. I gladly agreed. Initially, I interviewed him, wrote up my notes and we revised. The project grew to be an extensive one as he wrote letters to fellow B17 Bomber crewmembers, found material written by fellow crewmembers and material written by individuals who were in the same German prisons. I am proud to be involved in the telling of his story.

Stewart G. **HALL'S** father Charles Rowland **HALL** lived several of his teenage years at his Uncle George's home (George William **HALL**) in Roanoke, Lewis County, West Virginia. George's son Gordon T. **HALL** ran a service station in Weston for many years. Stewart and I both had very pleasant visits with Gordon before he passed away a few years ago.

Charles Rowland **HALL** is the son of John Elijah **HALL** and Florence Ann (**ROWLAND**) **WILSON**. John Elijah is the son of Joseph **HALL** and Mary Elizabeth **ARNOLD** of Roanoke, Lewis County, West Virginia.

Dan **HYDE**, May 2004

Nine months after the start of World War II, on September 9, 1942, I enlisted at Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pennsylvania, in the United States Army Air Corps, which later became the United States Air Force. I was first stationed for processing at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. After two weeks, I was shipped to St. Petersburg, Florida, where I lived in a hotel while taking Basic Training. On November 1, 1942, I moved to Gulfport, Mississippi, and attended Aircraft Mechanics School for thirty-eight weeks. For twenty weeks, school hours were from 11 PM until 7 AM six days a week. This was a new base so we had to help dig up pine tree stumps and level the grounds every morning. This was after an hour of exercise! Next I attended North American Factory School for B-25 Bombers for six weeks at Englewood, California. I attended classes and was on flight line about half the time. Hours were 3 PM until 11 PM. I was promoted to Corporal when I finished the school in California. In June for six weeks, I was shipped back to Florida at Tyndall Air Field in Panama City for Air Craft Gunnery School. I was busy most of the time with school work and outside

on the gunnery range. I was promoted to Sergeant after school in Florida. After graduating from Gunnery School, I went to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I met the other nine men in my ten-man crew for our B-17G Flying Fortress bomber. The crewmembers are listed below:¹

Pilot	2nd Lt. Alexander ALEX
Co-Pilot	2nd Lt. Lon E. JACKMAN, Jr.
Navigator	2nd Lt. Nicholas J. GOLDSMITH, Jr.
Bombardier	2nd Lt. Albert L. FARRAH
Engineer and Top Turret Gunner	S/Sgt. Joseph ADAMCSYK
Ass't Engineer and Left Waist Gunner	Sgt. Robert J. NEWCOMB
Radio Operator	S/Sgt. William R. MCCARREN
Ass't Radio Operator and Ball Turret Gunner	Sgt. Harold P. MICHELES
Right Waist Gunner	Sgt. Harold A. BROWN
Tail Gunner	Sgt. Stewart G. HALL

I was assigned to be the tail gunner. We only stayed there for about two weeks before we were issued flying clothes and chute.

Our crew was shipped for a month to a new Air Base at Peyote, Texas, for flight training on the B17. The Air Base was so new, we lived in tents. We were flying everyday to practice takeoffs, landings, bombing and flying across country. Also, we had classroom instruction. We were in Texas for six weeks. Then we were assigned for a month to six weeks at Dyersburg, Tennessee, for more flying. When I left Texas, I had a six-day furlough, which meant I had to be in Tennessee on the seventh day. After long rides on trains and hitchhiking, I managed to get home to see my parents for one night. While in Tennessee, we were flying everyday and had classroom instruction as well. When we finished training in Tennessee, the crew moved to Topeka, Kansas. Here I picked up my overseas parachute and life jacket to fly over water as well as my flying outfit, knife, 45 Cal. Automatic and new clothing. We were then shipped to Camp Kelmar, New Jersey to await our ship for Europe.

On November 2, 1943, we left New York Harbor on the British ship, *The Queen Elizabeth*, and arrived in Scotland on November ninth. Fifty-four crews went overseas as a replacement group. Whenever the Eighth Air Force in England lost a bomber crew, one of the new crews would replace them. Therefore, the fifty-four crews were scattered to different bases in England. Our crew of ten went to Molesworth, England, north of London and fifteen miles north-east of Northampton. The crew were there

¹ From Missing Air Crew Report, dated 21 December 1943, National Archives Record Group #92.

lounging calmly before we started flying missions. Then we were flying every day or two and had a lots of classes. We did fly over France once in a training mission. When I had time off, I went to Northampton a couple of evenings and went to London one weekend with a couple of the crew. We walked around London one day seeing the sights.

The crew's first mission was on December 20, 1943, to drop bombs over Bremen, Germany. Unfortunately, it was also our last mission, as we were shot down. When we left Molesworth and flew over England, the land was covered in fog. Over the open waters the fog dissipated and we could see the North Sea and the Frisian Islands. As we approached the coast, we could see land and make out towns in the distance over Germany.

One of my crewmembers, Bill **MCCARRAN**, the radio operator, wrote a chapter in a book about our mission's experience. Below I quote from Bill.²

"The Eighth Air Force was readying another strike in the "precision daylight bombing" of Hitler's Third Reich. The raids had been increasing in intensity for a year. The target was the shore installations and underseaboat pens at Bremen. It was to be a "maximum effort" with over 900 British and American fighters serving as escort for 2,000 bombers. Our crew of ten [Eighth Air Force, Group 303, Squadron 427 (crew)]³ took little experience (and considerable apprehension) with us as we left the briefing by truck to the B-17 assigned for the day's operation [B-17G Serial number 42-39764 G (Ship of 360th Squadron)]⁴.

"It was to be a very long mission for us.

"A chilling fog hung over the base. It was December [20,] 1943 and, like a gray theatre curtain, a heavy mist was lifting to the accompanying roar of 8,000 engines. Ships were scattered over the great bases; "dispersed" -- to make mass destruction difficult for an enemy raider. The spare [B-17] assigned to us appeared more like a sick pigeon than an attacking eagle. Patched and battered-looking, it was parked in the furthest revetment. We busied ourselves in the area of our responsibility. I reported the intercommunication outlets were equipped with low-altitude microphones for what was to be a high-

² From *One Last Look : A Sentimental Journey to the Eighth Air Force Heavy Bomber Bases of World War II in England*, by Philip Kaplan and Rex Alan Smith, Abbeville Press, Publishers, New York, 1983. The chapter "Prisoner of War" pages 157 to 184 was written by William R. McCarran.

³ From Missing Air Crew Report, dated 21 December 1943, National Archives Record Group #92.

⁴ From Missing Air Crew Report, dated 21 December 1943, National Archives Record Group #92.

altitude mission. This condition would make it necessary to remove oxygen masks before "pressing to talk" rather than using the high-level choker type mikes to pick up throat vibrations. Talking without oxygen for a moment was not dangerous ... the resulting delay could very well be."

"We were behind the others because of the switch in aircraft, and the armorers hurried to load the bomb bay with incendiaries. Though small these little candles from hell raised havoc when dropped on an area already blasted by high explosives. They defied ordinary fire fighting equipment. We checked our guns, mine was the fifty-caliber machine gun mounted in the open hatch above the radio section. Parachutes were next along with oxygen lines, heated suits, transmitters and receivers, flare guns and code books."⁵

"Over the Frisian Islands a token amount of flak popped up ... but it seemed distant and harmless giving us (me?) a false sense of invincibility."

"It wasn't long (enough) until flares dropped by the lead plane indicated the beginning of the run over the target. We began the approach. The bomb bay doors opened. They were never to close.

"Whoof" came the flak to "Whack" all around us. The plane rocked with explosions and rattled with flying metal. The bursts were close. They were black and threatening but drifted off like puffs of innocent white clouds."

"Bombs away" came over the intercom and down went the incendiaries from the bay already afire. (I remember thinking it strange to see aluminum burning.) "Bomb Bay Doors Closed" came the order -- this from the front of our staggering and flaming 17. (These messages were delayed because of the microphone problems.) There were more hits and more explosions. The confusion began ..." [S/Sgt. Harold A. **BROWN** reports attack was at 11:50 A. M. at 26000 feet. The aircraft struck the ground in area north of Bremen.]⁶

"It took time to inform the pilot that the doors were jammed. The instructions came back, "Close them by hand." It was my assignment and I went for the crank clipped to the partition between the radio room and the bomb bay. Before moving I had to connect my oxygen to a walk-around bottle. The communication foul-up continued. The top turret gunner (engineer) came back through the

⁵ Kaplan, page 157.

⁶ From Casualty Questionnaire filed by S/Sgt. Harold P. Brown, National Archives Record Group #92.

walkway. He had neglected to use the emergency (oxygen) system and passed out in the fire-filled bay. He had to be revived and led back to the relative safety of his gun position.

"Because of the brake-like action of the open bays, we were falling behind the protection of the formation and were being clobbered by fighters (ME 210s). I couldn't budge the doors with the crank and returned to the radio room. (I was still strangely fascinated by the sight of metal burning.) I didn't fully comprehend the danger when I saw an unexploded 20mm shell beneath the transmitter. I just stared at it. ... It blew and the force threw me face down into the opposite corner. I was stunned. Couldn't get up until the thought came -- "my mother would be sad if I stay here." I got to my feet, and, decided to leave. There was then no contact with the front of the aircraft. I had no orders. I knew any place had to be an improvement and figured, if fire could melt aluminum, it could certainly burn my ass.

"I lurched back through the smoking and shuddering wreck. The waist gunners were sprawled near the guns. The ball gunner was up and out of his turret. Their faces were a weird greenish color. Indicating my intention to the others, I kicked open the escape hatch. I saw them lined up behind and [I] pushed out into space. I went nowhere! I hung suspended by a broken cable while fire from the inboard engine crackled around me ... "Whew." One of the waist gunners, although badly wounded, managed to help me up and back in, where we loosed the wire (that was nearly my skewer). He was tremendous ... and I was lucky he was there.

"I pushed out again this time free ... to what seemed the quiet of an arctic waste. We had been told that to escape continuing action we should delay pulling the release cord. I dropped as far as I dared before doing so. There was no sensation of going down; and, when the chute opened, it was as if my umbrella and I went up from wherever we were at the time. I heard, afterwards, that those in the front of the plane had left before us. The waist gunners reported the ship exploded seconds after they left. Those in front survived and were taken prisoner with the exception of the co-pilot. He was killed in his seat at the time of the original problem with the bomb bay."⁷

As we neared our target, I saw three enemy fighters. One fired a rocket from the rear of our group, came up and explored under our group. I fired at one fighter that went past our tail. After our bombs were

⁷ Kaplan, pages 158-159.

dropped, the plane's Bomb Bay doors were stuck open. Because of the air drag of the Bomb Bay doors, we fell behind and out of formation. Away from the protection of the formation, we were attacked in the front by enemy fighters. As the fighters shot at the plane, I was at my position as tail gunner. Either flak or fighter fire hit the tail of the plane and I was wounded in the legs. When I heard the bell to bail out, I couldn't get the rear compartment's escape hatch open where I was. Therefore, in great pain, I crawled up the narrow passageway to the waist of the plane. Sgt. Harold P. MICHELES, the ball turret gunner, was just getting out of the ball turret and was tying up his GI shoes. During training they always told us to remove the soft and warm flight booties and put on your GI shoes as you might have to do a lot of walking in Germany. I didn't wait for any shoes! I got up from crawling and, over the noise, howled for Harold to come on. Harold motioned to me to go ahead and I rolled out of the plane. The two engines on the side by the door were burning and the heat was intense. So intense was the heat that later I realized my eyebrows had been singed off.

I never knew what went on up front in the plane until I received a letter in December, 1987, from Harold MICHELES, the ball turret gunner. Here is how Harold remembers the incident.

"I can remember what happened on that mission we were on, just like it was yesterday, but you know sometimes right now I can't remember what I did the day before. I must be getting a little old. I do remember the buzzer going off telling us to bail out. But right after that, we were hit real bad and we went into the Dive. During the Dive I couldn't move because we were falling so fast. After the Pilot pulled the ship out of it, I tried to run my guns down, so I could open my door to get up into the ship. Nothing would work, because my main power source was gone.

"I finally got my wits about me, and I engaged the Elevation Hand Crank and cranked my guns down so I could open my door and get up into the ship to get my chute. I got up into the plane and there was a large hole next to my turret and [the metal] was burning. I saw you [Stewart Hall] crawling from the tail and yelling something. You went out the waist window and I put my chute on and there was a JU-88 [German medium range Bomber] next to our ship, and he pointed to me to jump. I was the last one to leave the ship. As I was falling, I damn near had a heart attack. My chute would not open! I had to pull the pilot chute out by hand.

"After I hit the ground, I ran and got into the woods. That night I walked right on near a [German] town. It was so dark I didn't know where I was at. A German Patrol picked me up. I guess I wasn't moving fast enough, and they hit me in the neck a couple of times with a rifle butt. I have suffered a bad neck all these years for it. I finally got a little pension for it.

"They took me to Dulag Luft on the Main. From there they sent me to Stalag 17B in Austria. Joe [S/Sgt. Joseph **ADAMCSYK**], the top [turret] gunner, was in the camp with me. He was not wounded.

"Joe told me a lot of what happened up front [in the plane]. As you know we had tail attacks and up front. The two in the nose [pilot and co-pilot] were both wounded. The co-pilot was hit with a 20 MM which ripped him apart. He was in such agony, he killed himself with his 45 Cal. According to Joe, when he did that he came close to killing the pilot. Now, all this happened before we went into the Dive. Joe got the co-pilot out of the seat and helped the pilot pull the ship out of the flat spin we were in. I met the pilot in France after we were recaptured and he told me the same story.

"So Stewart, of the ten men on the plane, we had one killed and six wounded.

"Joe told me in prison camp, we can thank Lt. Alex, the pilot, for all our lives. He was calm and cool all through it.

"I forgot to tell you, the reason we fell behind so far [in the formation] was we couldn't get the Bomb Bay Doors closed. They caused a real bad drag."⁸

Of the ten crew members all got out except the co-pilot, he had been wounded severely by the flak and was in such agony that he shot himself while sitting in his seat. Five had been wounded -- Harold P. **MICHELES** - broken nose, William R. **MCCARREN** - injured left hand and broken arm, Harold A. Brown - terribly injured legs, Robert J. Newcomb - terribly injured legs and myself - broken leg and wounded left hand. Also, I had flak in my left leg, arm, hand and face. Bill recalls his descent.

"It was heartening to see land when old worrier me half expected to see the icy waters of the North Sea."

"There was a covering of snow, a village way over, and a church steeple. I figured the church was gonna get me one way or another until I saw the tree rushing towards me" "Then, kerrunch

⁸ Personal letter to Stewart Hall from Harold Micheles, postmarked December, 28, 1987.

... rippp .. crash ...there was the would-be hero ... upside down in a tree .. in Europe yet!"⁹

After parachuting from the burning plane, I landed in a frozen plowed field. Having passed out on the way down because of lack of oxygen, I came to in time to turn around to land on my back as I had a broken leg at the time. Those who came to meet me were children. They surrounded me with sticks. At first I thought they were all from Holland because they had on wooden shoes. It wasn't long before the soldiers came on bicycles with rifles over their shoulders. The kids patched up my hand with my handkerchief and took off my chute. They took me to a house. I thought I was being taken into a barn because I saw cows. But the barn was attached to the house and one had to go through the barn to get into the house. They laid me on the table and, I would guess, all the people from town came to see me. I was picked up that night and placed in a truck along with another member of my crew, Harold P. **MICHELES**, the ball turret gunner. Later that night, Bill McCarran, the radio operator of my crew, thought the American Airmen in the truck were dead. However, Harold and I just weren't able to sit up and we had to lie because the back of the flatbed truck had only a clearance of two feet. Bill relates the story this way.

"... a German soldier clanged the cell door open and hustled me into the back of a panel truck. I thought the ball gunner and the tail gunner [Stewart G. **HALL**] were dead. They were laid out on the floor (it was only because the roof was so low they could not ride in a sitting position). The tail gunner [Stewart G. **HALL**] had a badly broken leg while the ball turret man had only a broken nose. Followed by a staff car of sorts, the truck chugged through the blacked-out country-side and picked up three more prisoners captured in the area. We were driven to a Kriegsmarine (Naval) hospital where everything possible was done to repair our wounds. The more seriously hurt were attended to immediately, while I waited with the ball turret gunner (he of the broken nose)."

"We wondered if the waist gunners would live or die. They had lost a lot of blood and were given transfusions while the doctors worked on their terribly injured legs."

"We were kept overnight, and in the morning three of us were shipped out. The ball gunner (we guessed) was sent to a staging

⁹ Kaplan, page 161.

camp for POWs in the south of Germany. I was sent, along with another prisoner, to a Lazerette (prison hospital) near the town of Sandbostel. Strapped on stretchers we were carried into a one-story brick building by two (quite small) Yugoslavs. There were no beds, and a discussion took place on how to get this well-nourished American to a place in the far corner of the room. (I still weighed close to 200 and the little Yugos were exhausted!) I explained that I had only a bad arm and could walk. Everyone laughed, except the stretcher bearers who had red faces (and hernias?).

"There were *Kriegsgefangenen* (prisoners of war) from almost every nation in Europe. Poles, French, Belgians, Yugoslavs, and British. There were some Americans and Canadians. Most were ground troops caught up in Blitzkrieg (lightning war); others had been captured in the desert by the Afrika Korps of Rommel."¹⁰

As a P. O. W., I had only one operation. From the enemy attack of our plane, I had a compound computed fracture above my knee, however, it did not puncture the skin. On December 22nd, two days after our ill fated mission, I was operated on at the German Naval hospital where they drilled through my leg above the knee to place a pin. I wasn't out cold and it felt like they were sawing my leg off when they drilled through the bone. On the 23rd, they put a cast on my leg so I could be moved the next day to the Camp Hospital at Stalag XB.

On December 24, 1943, I was shipped up to the Stalag XB POW Camp at Bremervorde. "Ten B" as the camp was called was a prisoner-of-war hospital camp between Hamburg and Bremen near the town of Sandbostel. Many former prisoners refer to the camp as "Sandbostel".

At Sandbostel, a Yugoslavian army surgeon, Col. **KOMENKOVICH**, and his assistant Major **LAZARAVICH**, who were themselves prisoners-of-war, looked after me and the other wounded Americans. The "hospital" was one room which never contained more than fifteen men in it. As soon as you could move, they moved you out. The Yugoslavian doctor was of the Yugoslavian Army but he had no medicine or supplies. For example, he had to use paper for bandages.

On Christmas Day, 1943, Col. **KOMENKOVICH** and his assistant Major **LAZARAVICH** removed the cast on my leg and attached weights to the inserted pin to try and pull the bones back to the right position. I endured the weights for six months and was confined to my bed because of them. When they took the weights off, I was able to get around by

¹⁰ Kaplan, page 163.

limping. However, this ordeal left my leg short and I had only about 25% use of my ankle and knee. Over the years, I have been able to regain about 75% use.

At Sandbostel, I was in a barracks with mostly French prisoners. Only one room had Americans. The French did the cooking. We had two meals a day. For breakfast, we had one piece of black bread and marmalade with coffee. In the afternoon, they served a cabbage soup with black bread and two small potatoes. The black bread always contained a healthy portion of sawdust!

I was in bed all the time at Sandbostel except the last week after they took off the weights. To pass the time, I played a lot of chess with the American in the bed next to me. Too bad, but I can't remember his name. We also played cards.

In January or February, 1944, they brought in an American tail gunner who was severely injured but alive. A German fighter had come through his formation of B-17 Bombers and had cut off the tail of his B-17 with the stabilizer still attached. While the tail fell, he couldn't get out and he rode the tail down where it hit a mass of tree limbs. While at Sandbostel, he had terrible nightmares and screamed in his sleep.

Bill talks about Sandbostel.

"The food at Sandbostel was adequate (to say the most) and the medical service as good as could be supplied by a Yugoslav doctor (major) who had very little equipment. Our waist gunners joined us a week later. [Sgt. Stewart Hall, the tail gunner, said it was actually himself and Sgt. Brown, the right waist gunner, who joined them.] They were bed cases. Both (we heard) were later "repatriated" (sent home, under neutral supervision, in no condition to fight again and requiring constant medical attention). We were careful (most of the time) when discussing our ill-fated mission."¹¹

Sydney A. **WHITE** was also a prisoner at Sandbostel and writes:¹²

"My destination this time was a prisoner-of-war hospital camp between Hamburg and Bremen near the town of Sandbostel. The main camp was at Bremervorde just a few miles away. This hospital and the main camp was [sic] for prisoners primarily from Yugoslavia

¹¹ Kaplan, page 163.

¹² From *Barbed Wire Odyssey: The story of an American Prisoner-of-War in Germany 1943-1944*, by Sydney A. White, 178 Cherry Laurel Drive, Palm Harbor, Florida 34683, 1988, \$12.50, page 11.

and France. I believe it was a camp for P. O. W.s who worked on the local farms. From my stretcher I could see a group of long, wooden barracks surrounding an open area like a parade ground. The barracks were drab and unpainted. I would learn later in my travels that it was a typical German P. O. W. camp. I don't recall seeing any one on the grounds."

"Shortly after my arrival, two doctors came to visit me. The tall imposing one was Col. **KOMENKOVICH**, a Yugoslavian army surgeon. I later learned he was the leading orthopedic surgeon in central Europe at the time. I was told he had been offered his freedom and return home by his captors in appreciation for successful surgery he performed on some high ranking Germans. He refused, choosing to stay with his fellow Yugoslav prisoners. His companion, and assistant, Major **LAZARAVICH** chose to stay with him. I was to see more of these two excellent and talented surgeons during the coming days and months at Sandbostel."¹³

During the time I was at Stalag 10B and after the weights had been removed, my captors talked about an exchange of prisoners. They took several of us to Bremen to a hospital one day and the Red Cross came to look at our wounds and decide who was going to be exchanged. The group consisted of two each of the German Red Cross, the Swedish Red Cross, and the Swiss Red Cross. Of course, they didn't tell us anything and I still didn't know until the day it happened over three months later that I was to be exchanged.

In the first part of June, 1944, about a week after the removal of the weights on my leg, they moved me to Wismar Air Force Hospital near Sweden along the Baltic Sea. On the day I was moved, we stopped in Hamburg to exchange trains. There were two guards along to move one man -- me. The civilians were not too friendly as the town had been bombed a few days before, and the guards were more to keep the civilians off of me than to keep me from escaping. When I got to Wismar, it was approximately one-fourth to one-half mile (Sidney **WHITE** claims that the walk was well over a mile!) to the hospital and we had to walk. I was so tired, I felt I could not go any further. One of the German soldiers carried me piggy back up the hill to the hospital. While I was there for twelve weeks (from June, 1944 to August, 1944), the Americans bombed the town of Wismar twice.

¹³ White, page 12.

Bill was also at Wismar and relates the differences from Sandbostel.

"We arrived at Wismar, Mecklenburg, after many hours of sliding changes and reroutings made necessary on the railroads of a country engaged in total war." "We were driven to an imposing Luftwaffe hospital on the shore of the Baltic. It was most modern. Fifteen-foot pictures of Hitler and Goering hung in the marble rotunda. I never could figure why they took us to such a place, though they seemed to have a logical explanation for every move."

"I was given a toothbrush and a towel and enjoyed my first bath since leaving England. I used a borrowed dull razor to remove my six-week-old beard (could'a used a package of band-aids for an aftershave). Two of us Sandbostel grads had scabies, a skin infection that develops from flea bites (not phlebitis) and accumulated body filth. The problem nearly cost us the use of the clean and matted beds. However, after bathing we were given a salve for the sores around our midsections and were okayed for the bed department. The itching and rash subsided after a week of soap and warm water. It was much more comfortable than Sandbostel.

"The night and day air raid alerts were the only bad parts of the stay at Wismar. The small port, though never a target, was directly beneath the route taken by the RAF into Berlin and that used by the Americans into Eastern Germany and Poland. When the sirens would wail, all work stopped and the weary personnel would lead, carry, or wheel every [German] patient to the bunkers (bomb shelters) in the basement below. If the ship came within range the antiaircraft batteries of the town would open up. They did not take us to the bunkers ... the guards explained that, should there be a chance hit, it would complicate an already tense situation. We remained in our room on the top where we could watch any action. The biggest thing in the area was the hospital so we were in very little danger."

"We received the same food as the German patients: Breakfast -- a roll and ersatz coffee; Lunch -- black bread and a vegetable; Supper -- black bread and soup. Sundays, same thing but a small piece of meat with the vegetable. Red Cross parcels arrived. We now had better rations than the Germans, plus cigarettes which had our guards working for us. They supplied beer for a few smokes."¹⁴

¹⁴ Kaplan, page 166.

Sydney **WHITE** was also at Wismar and below he describes the building and the surroundings I also was in.

"Two days later we arrived at our destination and were marched up a hill from the railroad station to a beautiful, modern, three story building. The walk was well over a mile. The building, a Luftwaffen-lazarett, or Air Force hospital was a medical facility for German Air Force personnel. In addition to this, it was a hospital for recuperating [German] soldiers from the Russian front. There also was a maternity ward.

"The ward in which we were placed was clean, bright and spacious with regular hospital beds. The room was long with beds at either end, and a row along one wall facing the windows. There was a balcony overlooking a beautiful park."

"Upon our arrival we were assigned beds and our clothing and possessions were taken away to be replaced by a hospital uniform of pants and jackets. This uniform was worn by the P. O. W.s as well as the German patients in the hospital. We were showered and deloused before donning our hospital garb. Free to choose our beds, I picked one at the end of the room farthest from the door and next to a window."¹⁵

"The beds were standard hospital beds with a very unique feature. Instead of lifting the patient onto a bedpan, there was a cut out section in the bed that accommodated the pan, and the patient did not have to be moved. At the foot of each bed was an iron rod with a blackboard type sign at the top. This board gave the identity of the patient, his date of arrival and his condition or injury. These facilitated the rounds of the medical team.

"The team was led by the Oberstartz, or Colonel doctor, followed by the Stabsartz, or captain, the supervising nurse, and finally an orderly. This orderly, Uli Ostrivici, was a Czech from the Sudeten section of Czechoslovakia. Germany had claimed the area because of its predominantly German population. He was a mousey, little man with no chin and flitted about with an air of authority. Whenever we had a chance to needle Uli we would tell him he would be tried as a traitor by the Czechs when Germany lost the war.

"The Oberstartz was a stern looking Prussian type with a close cropped fringe of hair. He never spoke to the prisoners. All of his questions and remarks were made to the Stabsartz, who in turn

¹⁵ White, page 21.

relayed them to me. Since I was able to speak and understand some German, I had been added to the entourage to question the medical status of my fellow prisoners and relay this information to the Stabsarzt. I did not address the Colonel. If he wanted to question a prisoner, all questions were asked through the Stabsarzt, who in turn would ask me to question the prisoner. For example, he would inquire how the patient felt. I would ask the patient the question and then relay his answer to the Stabsarzt, who would in turn tell the Colonel. The prisoner patients reasoned that this procedure was followed because the Germans did not know English. So you can imagine some of the choice, profane answers I got from my comrades. For instance, "Tell that Bailheaded S. O. B. that he can etc. etc., that it's none of his blankety blank business". I would ask the patient to knock it off and then attempt to give the doctor a more polite and informative reply. I sensed that the doctors understood what was being said, so these rounds were trying for me. When I told my comrades what I felt they thought it hilarious and just stepped up their crude replies, much to my discomfort."¹⁶

"We had no books, newspapers or games and time lay heavy on our hands. One of the guards gave us a deck of cards which we used until it literally got too thick to play with. ... We also made a deck of cards to replace the one given to us by the guard and used that until it wore out.

"We made a monopoly board with all the streets, railroads, utilities and the draw cards as well as the money. We had all played monopoly before entering the service and were able to make an accurate game from memory. It proved popular and was in use almost constantly as it gave a greater number of players an opportunity to participate [than the single deck of cards]."¹⁷

"One day a young German officer came into our ward dressed in the black and silver uniform of an SS officer. He spoke very fluent English and asked if there was anything we might need. We told him we could use some reading material. Within two weeks he returned to our ward with two books, one of American short stories and the other of famous detective stories. He told us he had written his mother asking that she send some books. I'm sure that each of us read those books several times during our stay. This was my only contact with

¹⁶ White, page 22.

¹⁷ White, page 23.

the notoriously cruel and feared SS. At least one of them had some kind and human instincts.

"Our guards, for the most part, were friendly and did not treat us as the enemy. They, like us, were soldiers recuperating from wounds they had suffered on the Russian front. Many of them had cases of frostbitten feet and some had lost toes."¹⁸

In the middle of August, 1944, out of the blue, my captors told me I was to be part of a prisoner exchange and to leave Wismar. When I left Wismar we came back through Hamburg and arrived there after dark. We had just changed trains when the British Air Force commenced to bomb the city. As the train pulled out of the station, I could see bombs exploding on both sides of the train tracks but we made it!

They shipped me to Stalag 17B at Nuremberg and I was there for about two weeks before I started my return home. I was exchanged on September 9, 1944, and I arrived home to New York Harbor on September 26, 1944. I came out through Sweden. We went up the Baltic and crossed on the ferry to Sweden. I came back on the Swedish Hospital Ship the *Gripsholm* - a white ship that ran lights all night so it could be seen by the submarines. Therefore, it wouldn't be torpedoed by the German subs.

Sydney White also returned home on the *Gripsholm* on the same voyage as I, though I don't remember meeting him. I was on the same train to Goteborg, Sweden as Sidney but was not on the same ferry.

"Well over four hundred American and Allied wounded and sick were on their way to freedom. The journey was in three parts. First the Red Cross train which would take us north through Germany to Rugen Island, a ferry boat from Rugen Island to Trelleborg, Sweden, and then a train ride up the Swedish coast to the port city of Goteborg."¹⁹

"I remember leaving the ferry boat in Sweden and boarding the electric train which travelled up the coast to Goteborg. Although we were travelling by night it was a beautiful sight with the Kattegat arm of the North Sea on our left and the mountains on our right. The 200 mile trip was made overnight and we arrived on the quay side at Goteborg in early morning.

"We walked along the quay to the beautiful Swedish luxury liner, the *Gripsholm*. The ship soared above us as we walked up the

¹⁸ White, page 24.

¹⁹ White, page 55.

gangplank and into the main lounge for stateroom assignments, two men to a room. Smitty [American POW released the same time from Sydney's POW camp] and I shared a stateroom, and after settling in, we went up to the main dining room for our midday meal. I'm at a loss to describe the splendor and luxury of the room. Soft lighting shone on sparkling white table linens, napkins and gleaming silverware. It was like a dream."

"We were told that we would cruise fully lighted and follow pre-arranged sea lanes to avoid German U-boat attacks. This would make for a lengthy, time consuming journey, but nevertheless a safe one."²⁰

My ordeal as a P. O. W., which lasted almost ten months, was over. Even though my family wrote to me often, I did not receive any letters or packages while I was a P. O. W. For example, my sister Mary Ellen Hyde wrote almost every week. One wonders where all the letters went.

I stayed at New Howland General Hospital in New York City for four days, then I was shipped by train down to Martinsburg, West Virginia. While at the Martinsburg hospital, I was operated on several times. The doctors took a skin graft from my good leg and made me a new heel and attached it to my left foot. This was necessary as the heel had been severely damaged from being in traction so long while in Germany. I spent about eighteen months there before I was discharged on February 21, 1946. I was promoted to Staff/Sergeant after I came back to the States.

I was awarded the Good Conduct , Purple Heart and POW medals. They are currently on display in a case in our living room. Sadly, I did not have a ceremony for any of them. Most of the medals were sent to my parent's home. I still have my wool winter uniform hanging in my bedroom closet.

After I was discharged, I had to use a cane to get around, and I did not go to work until five or six months later. I found I couldn't stand all day on the concrete to work as my leg always would swell and hurt. In 1968, I went to the VA Hospital in Batavia, New York, and had some vein work done and they told me to always wear anti-embolism hose. I went to the VA Hospital in Bath, New York, six or eight times until I finally got shoes that fit my foot. After that I could walk a lot better.

In the last few years (1985-1992) I have tried to contact the other members of my crew. I have been successful in reaching Albert **FARRAH**, the bombardier, on the phone; and Harold **MICHELES**, the ball turret

²⁰ White, page 57.

gunner; William **MCCARREN**, the radio operator; Harold **BROWN**, the right waist gunner; and Alexander **ALEX**, the pilot, by mail.

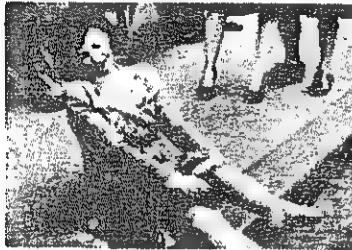


RATIONING IN WW2

by Joy Stalnaker

Although the United States had not yet entered the war, the conflict an ocean away was impacting consumer prices for her citizens. The federal government, with considerable forethought, established the Office of Price Administration (OPA), in April 1941 to prevent wartime inflation. After Pearl Harbor, the OPA was authorized to ration goods and the Emergency Price Control Act was passed on January 30, 1942.

In April, a general maximum price regulation made prices charged in March 1942 the ceiling prices for most commodities. Ceilings were also imposed on residential rents. Before war's end, nearly 90% of the retail food prices were frozen.



Pleased with her find, a woman slips right into a pair of rare nylon hose. Nylon had "gone to war," and women in America were forced to go back to stockings

Later in the year, when first, gasoline, and then food rationing were implemented, every West Virginia household became part of the World War II home front effort. Few wartime measures had so great an impact on the nation as food rationing. Sugar and coffee were the first items to be rationed, followed by soup, vegetables, meat, fish, and dairy products. The long list of rationed items included tires, automobiles, sugar, gasoline, fuel oil, shoes, cigarettes, nylon stockings, some clothing, and even liquor.

The OPA issued War Ration Books to every family, with coupons needed to buy rationed products. Printed on some of the books were warnings that anyone who violated the rationing rules was subject to "punishment ranging as high as Ten Year's Imprisonment or \$10,000 Fine, or Both." The books also carried the admonition that any attempt to violate the rules, "like treason, helps the enemy."

"These were strong words to a seven-year old boy!" HCPDer and Wheeling native Don **SCHAUB** recently recalled.

"War Ration Book One issued in my name by Local Board 35 on May 7, 1942, was very specific about who was eligible to use it," he said. "Not only did it have my name and address, it showed that I was blue-eyed,

blond-haired seven-year-old male weighing 52 pounds standing three feet, six inches tall."

Stamps were issued in various colors carrying pictures of tanks, ships and guns and with varying numbers. Postings in local newspapers added instructions for stamp usage to those distributed to each household by the OPA. (See pages 31-32)

It was the challenge of the homemaker to pool the stamps and plan the family's meals within the set limits. Sugar, butter, coffee, and beef-steak were especially scarce and valued items. Home canning and the "victory garden" were added to the homemaker's concerns. Ration stamps became a type of currency, and lost ration books a major headache.²¹

Charlotte **FLEMING** was a child in Clarksburg then. She remembers her mother hoarding "her stamps for sugar so that she could have some extra for Christmas or birthdays. She always made her special fudge at those times. Sometimes she would trade with the neighbors. Since we had access to home-butchered meat, she didn't have as much use for the meat coupons. Often, having the ration stamps didn't mean much because the stores just didn't have what you wanted. Sometimes she would come home to soak her feet after standing in line for hours to purchase something – sometimes only to be told just as she got to the head of the line, that it was all gone."

When Lillian **DODD** of Charleston graduated from high school in 1940, an aunt who worked at Woodward and Lothrop Department Store in Washington, D.C., gifted her with her first pair of nylon stockings. "They were beautiful and the first I'd ever seen," she recalls. "Before that we wore rayon stockings or silk if you could afford them."

When the war began, nylon became the fabric of parachutes and women reverted to rayon or cotton stockings and sometimes leg makeup. The "lucky lady" was a favored client of a merchant and would be notified when hosiery was available.

Lillian turned twenty-one in June 1943 and was eligible for a Liquor stamp. The older people in her office tried to be the first to ask her to use the stamp for them. Lillian had never had a drink and most definitely had never been in a liquor store. However, she agreed to help her co-workers and buy liquor for them in a state store near the Capitol. "Woe to me," she says.

"Our minister, was a good friend of my mother was passing by and saw me come out of the store with the plain brown paper bag. My son was scheduled to be baptized the next Sunday.

²¹ http://www.ecs.nyu.edu/nwomenshistory/Period_5/ration.htm 21 February 1904

"Instead of telling me, Reverend **BELL** went to visit my mother and said he couldn't baptize Jim because I had been buying liquor. Mother was horrified.

"At that time, the Methodist Church frowned on drinking, smoking, playing cards, and dancing. If I had been older, I would have refused to have the child baptized, but I didn't want to make Mother feel bad. I didn't think I had done anything wrong. Today, that same church is considered one of the most liberal churches in Charleston."

Public transportation was the norm rather than the exception in those times. Workers from rural areas were transported to factories and plants by bus and train rather than private vehicle. Many walked. . . sometimes eight to ten miles one way to work.

Fleming's father had the taxi company in Clarksburg at the time. Coupons were required for new tires and retreads were next-to-impossible to come by. Cabs were only permitted to travel so many miles from town; more than one taxi-driver backed up many miles to keep the mileage from showing on the speedometer – especially when a serviceman came in on the train and just had to get home to Weston, Buckhannon, or the like.

The author, though only five years old at war's end, recalls seeing the OPA signs hanging in Phineas **REED**'s McGuire Park grocery when her family moved back to Lewis County, West Virginia, in early 1947. Just months later, the signs disappeared as the OPA was finally disbanded.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

WAR RATION BOOK No. 3

Identification of person to whom issued: PRINT IN FULL
Donald W. Reed
 (First name) (Middle name) (Last name)

Street number or rural route *211 Shepherd St*
 City or post office *Clarksburg* State *W. Va.*

AGE	SEX	WEIGHT	HEIGHT	OCCUPATION
8	Male	62 lbs.	4 ft. 3 in.	

SIGNATURE *Donald W. Reed*
 (For use to whom book is issued. If such person is unable to sign)

WARNING
 This book is the property of the United States Government. It is loaned to you for your use only. It is not to be sold, transferred, or otherwise disposed of. It is to be used only for the purchase of rationed goods. Any person who violates these regulations is subject to criminal penalties. Any person who violates these regulations is subject to criminal penalties. Any person who violates these regulations is subject to criminal penalties.

OPA Form No. R-104

NOT VALID WITHOUT STAMP

RATION STAMP NO. 1
 RATION STAMP NO. 2
 RATION STAMP NO. 3
 RATION STAMP NO. 4
 RATION STAMP NO. 5
 RATION STAMP NO. 6
 RATION STAMP NO. 7
 RATION STAMP NO. 8
 RATION STAMP NO. 9
 RATION STAMP NO. 10
 RATION STAMP NO. 11
 RATION STAMP NO. 12

WHY CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES, AND SOUPS ARE RATIONED

Every week we are sending shiploads of canned goods to feed our fighting men and our fighting allies in Africa, Britain, and the Pacific islands. We must see that they get all the food they need.

We at home will share all that is left. Point Rationing will be used to guarantee you and everyone a fair share of America's supply of canned and processed fruits and vegetables, soups and juices.

HOW they are rationed

1. Every eligible man, woman, child, and baby in the United States is being given War Ration Book Two. (This book will not be used for sugar or coffee.)



WAR RATION BOOKS FOR ALL

2. The BLUE stamps are for any kind of Canned or Bottled Fruits and Vegetables, Canned or Bottled Juices and Soups, Frozen Fruits and Vegetables, Dried Fruits.

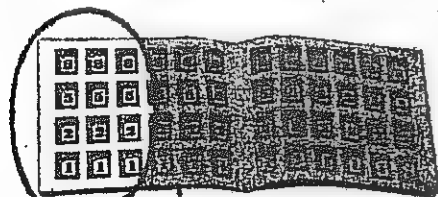
(The red stamps will be used later for meat.)



NUMBER SHOWS POINTS

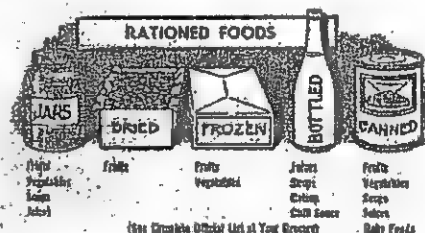
3. The stamps in this book are POINT stamps. The NUMBER on each stamp shows you how many POINTS that stamp is worth.

4. The LETTERS show you WHEN to use the stamps. The year will be divided into rationing periods. You can use all BLUE stamps marked A, B, and C in the first rationing period. A, B, and C stamps cannot be used after the first rationing period ends.



ONLY BLUE A, B, and C STAMPS CAN BE USED IN 1st PERIOD

5. You must use the BLUE stamps when you buy ANY KIND of the rationed processed foods. See the official list, showing every kind of rationed processed food, at your grocers. Different kinds of these foods will take different numbers of points. For example, a can of beans may take a different number of points from a can of peas.



6. Of course, the more of anything you buy the more points it will take. For example, a large can of peas takes more points than a small can.

7. The Government will set the points for each kind and size and send out an Official Table of Point Values which your grocer must put up where you can see it. The Government will keep careful watch of the supply of these processed foods and make changes in point values from time to time, probably not often than once a month. The Government will announce these changes when it makes them and they will be put up in the stores.



WATCH THE OFFICIAL TABLE OF POINT VALUES

8. The number of points for each kind of processed food will be THE SAME in ALL STORES and in all parts of the country.

Turn this sheet over and see how to use your Book.

Use Your **OLD** Ration Book for **SUGAR** and **COFFEE**

HOW TO USE YOUR NEW RATION BOOK

TO BUY CANNED OR BOTTLED FRUITS; VEGETABLES, SOUPS, AND JUICES;

FROZEN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES; DRIED FRUITS

1. The Government has set the day when this rationing will start. On or after that day, take your War Ration Book Two with you when you go to buy any kind of these processed foods.



YOU GIVE MANY POINTS FOR SCARCER FOODS



YOU GIVE LESS POINTS FOR FOODS THAT ARE NOT SO SCARCE

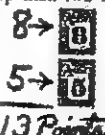
2. Before you buy, find out how many points to give for the kind of processed foods you want. Prices do not set the points. The Government will set different points for each kind and it does not matter what the price. Your grocer will put up the official list of points where you can see it. It will also be in the newspapers. The points will not change just because the prices do.

3. When you buy, take the right amount of blue stamps out of the book. Do this in front of your grocer or delivery man and hand them to him. The grocer must collect a ration stamp, or stamps, for all the rationed processed foods he sells. Every rationed processed food will take points as well as money.



SHOW YOUR BOOK PLEASE

4. Do not use more stamps than you need to make up the right amount. For example, if the food you buy calls for 13 points it is better to tear out an 8-point and a 5-point stamp than two 5-point stamps and a 2- and a 1-point stamp. Save your smaller point stamps for low-point foods. You can take the stamps from more than one book belonging to your household if you need to.



5. Every person in your household, including children of any age, has a total of 48 points to use for all these processed foods for one ration period. This means that you may use ALL the blue stamps marked A, B, and C from all the books during the first period. You may use as many of the blue A, B, and C stamps as you wish at one time. When they are used up you will not be able to buy any more of these processed foods till the next stamps are good. The Government will announce the date when the next stamps are good.



USE THE BLUE STAMPS MARKED A, B, C ON THEM

6. Use your household's points carefully so that you will not run out of stamps. And buy with care to make sure you use your points wisely. Your grocer will not be able to give you change in stamps. Use high-point stamps first, if you can.

IMPORTANT

You may use ALL the books of the household to buy processed foods for the household. Anybody you wish can take the ration books to this store to do the buying for you or your household.



A FAIR SHARE FOR ALL

We cannot afford to waste food or give some people more than their fair share. . . . That is why canned fruits and vegetables are rationed and that is why meat is going to be rationed. Rationing of some foods is the best and fairest way to be sure that every American gets enough to eat.

BE SURE TO READ
OTHER SIDE

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1942 17-53210-1

U. S. Office of Price Administration
Washington, D. C. January 1943

The George Everett ROWAN and Emma May TENNEY Family of Upshur County, West Virginia. by George PAINTER

This is the story of a West Virginia family that in the early years of the Twentieth Century was involved with the new and marvelous mechanical machines. These were the automobiles and airplanes that changed the world. George Everett **ROWAN** developed a love for machines and passed on this love to his two sons, Sammy and Charles Lindbergh **ROWAN**. George was repairing and building racing automobiles and fixing and flying the crude aircraft of the period. These airplanes were made of wood, linen cloth, cast iron engines and were tied together with wire. Sammy was just as enthralled with the machines and learned to drive and fly at a young age. He went on to be a pilot in WW II and was killed along with his aircrew in their B-24J "Liberty" Heavy Bomber. His fiery death in an airplane was similar to that of his father George, 13 years earlier. Charles Lindbergh (Lindy) entered the U.S. Coast Guard in the last year of WW II at age 17. Lindy also inherited a love for mechanical things. He eventually became a flight engineer in the U. S. Navy and flew for many years before his retirement.

The **TENNEY** and **ROWAN** families are very familiar to those doing family research in central West Virginia. These two families came into the central WV areas in the early 1800s. There are many instances of **TENNEY** and **ROWAN** marriages down through the years. George Everett **ROWAN** and Emma May **TENNEY** descended from the two family lines below.

Descendants of Josiah **TENNEY**

1 Josiah **TENNEY** 1794-1852
1833

+Lydia **CURRENCE** 1802-1864

2 John Lafayette **TENNEY** 1822-1863

+Elizabeth **MCCANN** 1821-1903

3 Samuel McCann **TENNEY** 1859-1919

+Sarah Jane **VAN CAMP** 1861-1938

Descendants of Rev. John **ROWAN**

1 John **ROWAN**, Rev. 1749-

+Elizabeth **HOWARD** 1772-1944

2 John **ROWAN** 1797-

+Thankful **TENNEY** 1788-

3 John H. L. **ROWAN** 1820-1860

+Catharine **BOROUGH** 1828-

4 John Wesley **ROWAN** 1855-1950

+Arthenia M. **SHIPMAN** 1856-1901
 5 George Everett **ROWAN** 1889-1931
 +Emma May **TENNEY** 1889-1946



George Everett **ROWAN**
 and Emma May **TENNEY**

George E. **ROWAN**, son of John Wesley **ROWAN** and Arthenia M. **SHIPMAN**, lived with the Samuel McCann **TENNEY** family as a young man, working on the farm in Ten Mile, Upshur Co., WV. While he was living and working on the farm, George fell in love with Emma May **TENNEY**, one of the Samuel McCann and Sarah Jane (**VAN CAMP**) **TENNEY** children. They were married on November 13, 1913 in Clarksburg, WV. Shortly after their marriage, George worked in the Fayette County area where he was responsible for keeping mine equipment operating along the Kanawha River. George and Emma May's first child, Imogene Vale, was born in Kimberly, Fayette County in 1914. After Imogene was born, the family moved back to Buckhannon, Upshur County where the rest of their children were born.

The family children:

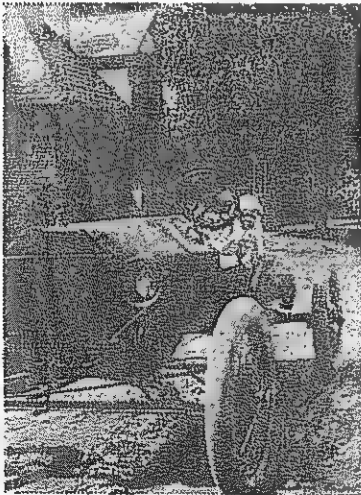
Imogene Vale ROWAN	1914 - 1916
Sammy ROWAN	1916 - 1944
Iowaka ROWAN	1918 - 2000
Mary Kathleen ROWAN	1921 - 1945
Stillborn Son ROWAN	1923 - 1923
Charles Lindbergh (Lindy) ROWAN	1927 - Living

George **ROWAN** had a natural talent for mechanical things and started repairing automobiles after moving to Buckhannon. He had an automobile repair garage beside the bridge that crossed the Buckhannon River to "the Island." He invented a number of machine tools and made improvement suggestions to the automobile and airplane companies of the day. He applied for at least one U. S. Patent for a valve grinding tool. His occupation in the 1920 U. S. Census for the Buckhannon district listed him as a "machinist." George had taken an examination for "Automobile

Mechanic" and received a letter from the U.S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D.C., dated June 9, 1926 notifying him of a 98.5 rating score.

With the proliferation of the automobile in the growing central West Virginia area, there was a natural tendency for men to determine who had the fastest automobile and this was the impetus to convert and to build from scratch racing automobiles. George was at the right place and time with his mechanical abilities and excellent reputation. He worked on a number of racing automobiles for a Mr. **OLDS**.

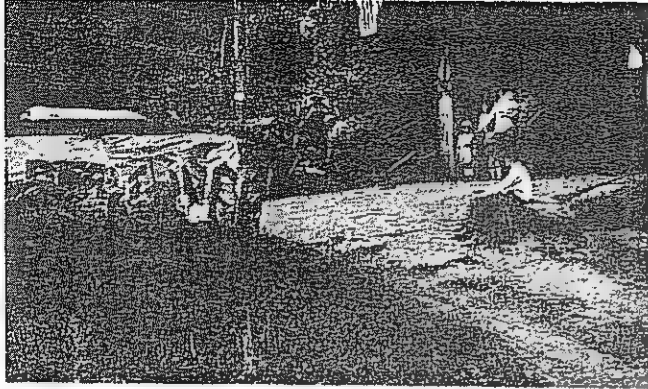
In Fig. 2, Mr. **OLDS'** racing automobile is sitting in front of the ROWAN residence on the Island. George's son Sammy was about three years old in 1919 and probably imagined himself someday racing such a fine automobile. The house in the picture was located on the bank of the Buckhannon River and was the house where Iowaka was born on March 13, 1918. The Buckhannon River was in flood stage and Doctor **GRIMM** reached the house in a boat that he tied to the porch railing before entering the house and delivering Iowaka.



Sammy T. ROWAN sitting
behind the racing automobile

As one of the earliest auto mechanics in Upshur Co., George was sought to work on the first airplanes that visited the central WV area. These early airplanes required a lot of mechanical care and George's name quickly became known as someone who could fix the airplanes. Not only did George work on airplanes, but he learned to fly and in 1921 flew to Clarksburg in the first airplane ever to land at the new Patton Airfield. In addition, he flew the mail in the central and northwest parts of WV and on into parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania. He later worked as a mechanic at Burgess Field in Uniontown, PA around 1930.

One of the airplanes George had repaired crashed at a later date very near the entrance to the Buckhannon River covered bridge that connected to the "Island." This airplane belonged to Mr. **BOYD**.



During the late 1920's, one of George's daughters, Iowaka, was late coming home from school and George became alarmed. There was a carnival in Buckhannon at the time. George with some suspicion,

headed for the carnival. Upon his arrival he noticed a crowd gathered around a Ferris wheel. In approaching the Ferris wheel area, he saw that the wheel was not turning and that Iowaka and one of her friends were high in the air. He approached the carnival workers huddled around the motor that turned the giant wheel and conferred with the men trying to fix the motor. After observing that they were not having any luck in getting the motor working, he pushed the men aside and within a few minutes had the Ferris wheel turning again. He unceremoniously walked Iowaka and her friend home. Iowaka said that it was one of the longest walks that she ever took and that she never tarried after school again!

Below is an example of George's helping a pilot in need. The family has a letter addressed to George from a 2nd Lieut. James W. **ANDREW**, Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas.

Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas

April 11, 1929

Mr. Geo. E. **ROWAN**
Buckhannon, W. Va.

Dear Mr, **ROWAN**:

I have been intending to write you a note ever since returning to Kelly Field but have only now gotten around to it.

I just wanted you to know that I arrived safely with the plane and to let you know too, how very much I appreciated your help the day I was in Buckhannon.

If you ever happen to be in San Antonio, Texas, try to drop by the Field and look me up.

With best regards, I remain

Very truly yours,
James W. **ANDREW**
2nd. Lieut, A.C.

George evidently had great plans for creating an airplane sales and service business. The family has a letter from the "Bird Aircraft Corporation, Glendale, Brooklyn, NY, dated February 11, 1931. The company notified George that they were happy to have him handle the sales of "Bird" airplanes in his territory that consisted of all of the U. S. A. except for Florida, Oregon, Washington, and the northern portion of New York. The letter was addressed to George at Jackson Mills, Weston, West Virginia (page 38).

Unfortunately, George E. **ROWAN** was killed later in the year in an airplane crash at the Clarksburg airport on November 15, 1931. The family did not know much about the crash. In May 2003 I found a man who had witnessed George's crash in 1931. He responded to a story of the crash written in the Clarksburg Exponent Telegram column by Bob **STEALEY**, editor on May 3, 2002. I had been discussing the old Patton Airport location by e-mail with Lyle **CORDER**, Bridgeport, WV, who also had an interest in the airport. Lyle wrote the first query to Bob **STEALEY** and included the obituary of George **ROWAN** that discussed the crash. Bob **STEALEY** wrote a second column on June 17, 2002 as a result of my writing him with the details which I had found as a result of Bob's first column.

Clarksburg Exponent Telegram, Clarksburg, WV. Monday, June 17, 2002 .
Maryland man recalls info about airplane crash at Patton Field, by Bob **STEALEY**, EDITOR

George **PAINTER** of Eldersberg, Md., sent me an informative message pertaining to my column of Friday, May 3, "Some questions about old airfields in Clarksburg area." He identified George E. **ROWAN**, the pilot mentioned in the article, as his grandfather, and said, "I want you to know that the article smoked out the 'needle' in the haystack." He sent me information regarding a conversation he had with Ed **GLADYSZ** of Clarksburg.

BIRD AIRCRAFT CORPORATION



117 HAVERKAMP STREET
GLENDALE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

February 11, 1931.

Mr. George E. Rowan,
Jacksons Mills,
Weston, West Virginia.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of _____
contents carefully noted for which please accept
our thanks.

We shall be more than pleased to have
you handle the sale of "Bird" airplanes in your
territory, and we therefore take this opportunity
of outlining our sales proposition to you.

When purchasing your first "Bird" air-
plane we will appoint you as a dealer with unlimited
territory throughout the United States with the ex-
ception of the states of Florida, Oregon, Washington
and the northern portion of New York. No territorial
deposit is required nor do you contract to dispose of
a given number of ships within a specified period of
time. You can readily see from the above that upon
accepting this dealership you place yourself under no
obligations whatsoever.

The first ship purchased by you will be
subject to a fifteen percent discount. On all ships
purchased or sold by you thereafter a twenty percent
discount will apply. In addition to the above men-
tioned discounts a two and one half percent retro-
active discount will be allowed on the sale of the fifth
ship and a similar discount will also apply on the sale
of the tenth ship.

At the present writing we have two used OX-5
"Bird" airplanes on hand, in A-1 flying condition bear-
ing Department of Commerce commercial licenses. These
ships are priced at \$1400 and \$1600 net respectively.

We can give immediate delivery on any of our
models with the exception of the Wright J-6-5 "Bird",
which requires an order two weeks in advance of required
delivery date.

Painter began that Gladysz stated that on Nov. 15, 1931, at 9 years old, he was taking his first automobile ride with his sister, 4, and the driver, John **SHIPCO**, a friend of his mother. "Ed said he got a little car sick on that first ride," Painter said, "and they stopped briefly. After continuing on the drive, they came upon the Patton Airfield between 10-11 a.m. and stopped to look at the first airplane he'd ever seen.

"Ed and his sister were out of the car watching the airplane and John **SHIPCO** was still sitting in the car,"

Painter continued. "As the airplane flew low over the trees on the east side of the airfield across Route 20, it appeared normal, but suddenly hit the top of a tree and crashed to the ground." He explained that immediately after the crash, **SHIPCO** left the car and ran across the airfield and road to the crash site. **GLADYSZ** and his sister stayed by the car, where **SHIPCO** returned to tell the two that he'd gone to the plane and that the pilot was dead, with no mention of the pilot being alive even for a moment. Nor was there any mention of him moving any part of the airplane, except that he had moved the pilot from the plane. **GLADYSZ** said there was no fire.

Painter wrote, "John walked around the plane, saw the pilot, pulled him from the plane and returned. Ed and his sister could see the crashed plane from the automobile. Shortly afterwards, they got into the automobile and continued on their way. Ed said he didn't remember seeing anyone else at the crash site before they left, (nor did he) know if John had reported the crash to anyone. He remembers a large hangar building and the windsock at the airfield."

GLADYSZ said **SHIPCO** died, but his son, Raymond, of Monongah, recalled his dad speaking of the crash, but remembered no details. He said he was in World War II and the Korean conflict.

Painter indicated that George E. **ROWAN'S** son, Charles L., says it was reported to him that his dad was doing a stunt before taking passengers for a ride and was in a spin and may have been too low to pull out of the dive. He also told him there was a fire and that his dad had been burned, and that the first visitor to the crash had taken a part of the wing and covered his dad's body. (End of article.)

George ROWAN Obituary:

FLIER IS KILLED AT CLARKSBURG

Burns to Death When Plane Crashes In Test Flight

CLARKSBURG, W.Va., Nov. 15, 1931 -(AP)- George **ROWAN**, 45 a mechanic for Clarksburg Airways, was killed this afternoon when a plane he was flying solo fell and burned in the woods near the airport here.

ROWAN, who was well known to aviators of Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, was testing a biplane of the airways concern when he found himself unable to pull the ship out of a spin into which it had gone to about 500 feet, witnesses said. The plane dived to earth between two large trees a quarter mile from the airport, tearing off the limbs of the tree, hitting the earth, it slid along for 100 feet, turned over and took fire.

ROWAN was caught in the blazing ship and burned to death. Although he had 400 hours in the air, **ROWAN** held only a student's permit to fly. He is survived by his widow and four children. His home was in Buckhannon.

A year and a half ago, **ROWAN** was a mechanic at Burgess Field in Uniontown, Pa., and in 1921 flew to Clarksburg in the first plane ever to come there. (End of Obituary)

George was buried at Ten Mile, Upshur County in the family plot in the Ten Mile Baptist Church Cemetery.

Emma May was buried beside George when she died in 1946 in Tennerton. Wendell **TENNEY**, who currently lives in Weston, WV, knew George **ROWAN** and attended George's funeral. He said that several airplanes flew over the graveside service and dropped flowers over the graveyard. It was a very sad occasion. Wendell also said that George used to "buzz" the children playing in Upshur County on occasion. It scared the children to death, but they loved it!

Several years after George was killed, Emma May and her children moved to Richwood, Nicholas County to a large home that her brothers Charley and Harley **TENNEY** helped find for her. It was there that Sammy, Iowaka, Mary and Lindy graduated from Richwood High School. Emma May worked hard at raising her family after George's death. In Richwood, she always had a large "Victory" garden. She also had a large crock of

pickled beans always sitting besides the cellar door. During part of the war years, she helped raise Iowaka's three children while Iowaka and Sammy's wife Zela Violet (Dink) **GARRETT**, helped to build airplanes in Akron, OH. Emma May's brother Harley was a tax assessor/collector and sheriff in Upshur County for a number of years in the 1960s. Brother Charley was a well know businessman in Buckhannon and one of his businesses was the old Texaco Service station located across the street from the court house. Charley was chairman of the school board for a number of years and was active in civic affairs. He was also a WW I veteran who after being discharged, played football for WV Wesleyan College in Buckhannon. I have a wonderful picture of Charlie and the entire 1921 football team.

Sammy did not have a middle name when he entered the U.S. Army Air Corp in 1942. The Army expected everyone to have a middle name, so he adopted "**TENNEY**" as a middle name. Sammy is listed as a Nicholas Co., WV veteran, but in reality, he was also an Upshur Co., veteran. Sammy was fastidious as a lad and his pictures show him well dressed, usually wearing a tie. He liked to "doodle" on his books and school papers by drawing airplanes that he obviously loved. While still in high school, Sammy did rural mail delivery for the U.S. Post Office, driving over parts of Nicholas Co. About this time he and Charles H. **PAINTER**, Jr. (my father), found an old airplane in Craigsville, WV that they subsequently restored to flying condition. They developed a "feel" and gained preflight confidence by taxiing around the airport before Sammy was brave enough to take off on the first flight. That must have been an exciting first flight.

The third child, Iowaka (my mother), often was asked after whom she was named. Iowaka's mother Emma May, loved to read books by the very popular author James Oliver **CURWOOD**. Most of his books were adventure tales set in the Canadian North. During the 1920s his books were among the most popular in North America and many were made into movies. "Iowaka" was a character in one of his books and the Indian name meant "Little flower of the North." At some point in her young life, Iowaka assumed the nickname of "Tootie," by which she was know the rest of her life. Iowaka had many interesting tales about her life growing up in Upshur County. The story we children liked best was about her adventures with a pet skunk named "Flower." The relationship ended one fateful day when Flower tried to go under the house and Iowaka grabbed the beautiful black and white tail....you guessed it! Iowaka got a direct hit with all of the malodorous revenge that her pet could muster. Emma

May made her take her clothes off and washed her numerous times using different concoctions, including tomato juice, to mitigate the strong odor! When Iowaka's dad, George came home, he buried her clothes in a deep hole far from the house.

Iowaka met her future husband, Charles Henry PAINTER, Jr., in Richwood High School. After High School, Charles went to work at the Cherry River Pulp and Paper Company. After he and Iowaka married they had three children born in three different houses on Coe Street in the La Frank area of Richwood. The Painter family partially moved to Plymouth, NC in the early 1940's where Charles went to work at the newly built Kieckhefer Pulp and Paper Company. After moving to Plymouth a third daughter, Kathleen, was born. Both Charles and Iowaka retired on the same day in July 1977 from the company which was by then renamed the Weyerhaeuser Paper Company.

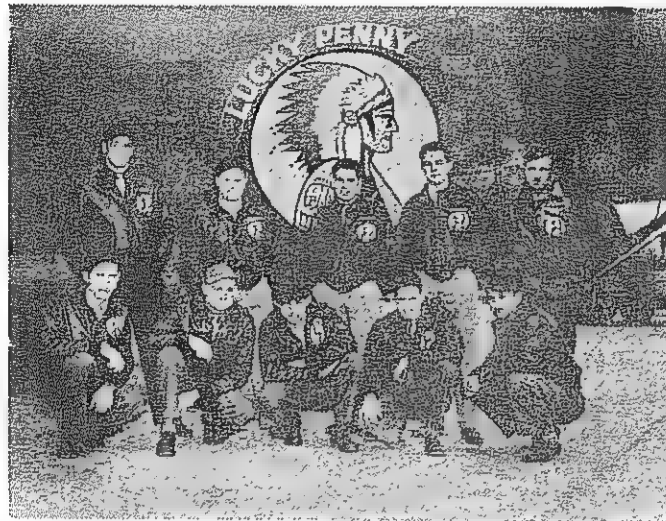
Mary Kathleen and Charles Lindbergh were also born in Budhannon. Mary graduated with a teaching degree from Wesleyan College and went on to teach school in Selbyville, Nicholas County and then up "Little Laurel Cove" near Richwood. She married Audley MCDANIELS from Selbyville. Unfortunately, Mary died suddenly on January 30, 1945 leaving a 2 ½ year old child, Patricia. Patricia's father agreed for "Patty" to be raised by Iowaka and husband Charles, so she became a new sister.

Lindy entered the U.S. Coast Guard the last year of WW II at age 17. He was aboard the U.S.S. Samuel Chase during the battle for Okinawa and a month later the ship was the first Coast Guard vessel to bring occupational soldiers to Japan after the surrender. He had a long Naval career with much of it in the aviation areas as a flight engineer and Maintenance Officer. Lindy retired as a Naval Officer and currently lives in San Angelo, Texas where he is teaching a linesman truck maintenance course across the state for the University of Texas. His wife, Nancy, travels with him as his "business" manager.

Searching for 2nd Lt. Sammy T. ROWAN and the crewmen of the B-24J, Lucky Penny:

I have included a few paragraphs regarding the effort to find what happened to the B-24J Lucky Penny and its aircrew. If you have WW II veterans in your family tree and you do not know much about their service

experiences, you will be happy to know that there is a vast amount of military data and history available on the internet. Hopefully, it will encourage others to seek information that was somewhat difficult and rather elusive to obtain until recently.



Crew of the B-24J "Lucky Penny" (42-110169)
 8th US AAF, 491st Bombardment Group (H), 85th Bomb Squadron
 Rear L-R: (F) 1st Lt. Fletcher K. Sharp, (CP) 2nd Lt. Sammy T. Rowan, (P) 2nd Lt. William L. Moore, (B) 2nd Lt. Edwin W. Foster, (G) Sgt. Lester J. Datchyn
 Front L-R: Sgt. (E) Warren H. Randolph, (E) Grover L. Buchanan, (G) Carl W. Prack, (RD) Rudolph C. Schaps, (G) Clyde V. Jones
 (Note: Sgt. Lester J. Datchyn was added to this picture as he was not in the original.)

Sammy T. **ROWAN** was born April 28, 1916 in Buckhannon, Upshur Co., WV. He was a co-pilot on the B-24J Heavy Bomber "Lucky Penny" that crashed, killing all nine crewman on June 8, 1944 on the airfield at Metfield, Suffolk, England. He was buried at the Cambridge American Cemetery near Cambridge, England. I visited his grave in the late 1960s while living in Germany. Besides his unit, all we had was a small picture of the crew in front of their B-24J. Other than Sammy, we did not know any of the crewmen's names.

In October 2002, I decided to try to find more about Sammy's crash and other information about the crew. I started searching the internet, mostly using the popular "Google.com" search engine. In only a few days I found an amazing amount of information on the history of Sammy's unit, the details of the crash and by early December, I even had a small piece of

the B-24J Bomber. Soon, I also had the official US AAF accident report with pictures of the crash.

I discovered a 491st Heavy Bomber Association for veterans, families, and other interested persons. There is a home page on the internet, a quarterly newsletter and a yearly convention. Fortunately, the association historian lives near Gettysburg, PA, not far away from my home in Maryland. The Historian, Allan BLUE, invited me for a visit. Allan shared much information about the crew including their names, but they were not keyed to the group picture. He even provided recent pictures of the airfield with the crash location marked. The Englishman who owns the land has a small museum in his home dedicated to the Lucky Penny. He regularly picks up pieces of the aircraft as he goes about his business of farming. I was also contacted by another Englishman who informed me that he had participated in two excavations of the Lucky Penny crash site in 1973 and again in 1990. The excavation in 1973 was included in a book of 100 excavated aircraft crash sites in England. I have a copy of the book bought from the e-Bay auction web site.

After gathering a significant amount of information I decided to find where each crewman was from, where they were buried, talk to family members and record the information in a research paper. Six of the families were found by using the 1930 US Census. Fortunately, several had unusual names, which made them easier to find. Of course unusual names may require creative search solutions due to spelling variations.

All of the crewmen's graves have been located and pictures have been taken. Many of the families provided photos, copies of letters and other valuable information. Most of the families did not have information about the accident and they are very interested in receiving my research paper when it is finished.

Researching a family veteran helps one to realize the sacrifice and dedication our soldiers made. If you have a veteran in your family tree from World War II, you should be aware of the new National World War II Memorial. It is being established by the American Battle Monuments Commission and will honor all military veterans of the war. The memorial will be dedicated on Saturday, May 29, 2004. Additional details can be found on the internet, including the ability to search for your own veterans and to add comments and information to the national listing of veterans.

Perhaps they were the "Greatest Generation."

Genealogy

?????

QUERIES

Your queries are invited and encouraged. Members are permitted unlimited queries, depending on space available. We will try to use all you submit. You may snail mail them to HCPD, 45 Abbotts Run Road, Horner, WV 26372 or e-mail them to queries@hackerscreek.com. Be sure to tell us they are for the JOURNAL and include your regular mailing address as well as your e-mail address. Also, it would help if you capitalize the surnames for the editor.

1. Is there anyone who has correspondence in their possession between Smith **HOOD** (1861-1951) and Lily Smith **CORATHERS**? I believe that these two corresponded with each others in the 1920's and their letters may contain clues as to how they concluded that Letitia **SMITH** (c. 1803 - 1887)--who was the wife of John **HOOD** (1799-1843)--was related to the Smith family of Tyler and Doddridge Counties. I want no originals, just photocopies or transcripts. John J. **HOOD**, PO Box 248, McDonald, TN 37353 e-mail: thetnhoods@cs.com
2. Ellen / Eleanor **VANMETER** was born about 1742, the daughter of Jacob **VANMETER** & Letitia **STROUD**. She married Jacob **CLYNE**, and the families moved from VA to Greene County, PA by 1770. Later, Jacob **VANMETER** moved to Hardin County, KY, but his daughter Ellen/Eleanor **CLYNE** remained in PA. What proof exists (i.e., primary sources) that Ellen/Eleanor was really a daughter of Jacob **VANMETER**? Jacob **VANMETER'S** will in Hardin County, KY does not mention a daughter with this name. John J. **HOOD**, PO Box 248, McDonald, TN 37353 e-mail: thetnhoods@cs.com
3. Looking for information as to what happened to Charles B. **DONALDSON**, brother of my grandmother (Ellen **DONALDSON RIFFLE KELLEY**). He was born in July of 1876. His father was John Scott **DONALDSON** and I show his mother's name to be Catherine. According to census records he was to have an "ailment". I believe they said it was spinabifida. I have him in census records up to 1910, but seem to have lost him from there. I have not found a death record for

him. Can anyone help? Kelli **MERK**, P.O. Box 150376, Arlington, TX 76015 or Email: faxit@sbcglobal.net

4. Need to fill in another gap in my research. Can anyone help me with information on my Great Uncle? His name was Harrison **RIFFLE** (born 1895 died ??). He was the brother of Christina (Carbol Van) **DONALDSON RIFFLE**, Alice **RIFFLE**, John **GASTON**, and James **RIFFLE**. The last known residence was to have been the Baltimore Maryland area. Kelli **MERK**, P.O. Box 150376, Arlington, TX 76015 or Email: faxit@sbcglobal.net
5. Does anyone know of where I can locate children/grandchildren of John Marion **GASTON** (born January 13, 1889, died July 25, 1955)? His 2nd wife was Stacy Flo **PETERS GASTON BOSTIC** (born August 15, 1912 died April 27, 1984) at the time of her death. Great Uncle John mainly lived in the Buchanan area. I do know at least some of the names of Uncle John's children. They were Jean, Naomi, Frank, and Peter. There are two other sons and possibly one other daughter from his first marriage to Carrie. Any help is appreciated. Kelli **MERK**, P.O. Box 150376, Arlington, TX 76015 or Email: faxit@sbcglobal.net

A CENSUS OF CEMETERIES, GLENVILLE DISTRICT, GILMER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA compiled by Doris M. **RADABAUGH** and Mary E. **RADABAUGH** was released in November 2003 and is available at a cost of \$35 (including shipping). The second in a series planned for four districts in Gilmer County, the census includes biographical information when known of those interred. The 314 pages in a loose-leaf notebook include a table of contents and an index. Females are listed in the index by married and maiden names. Genealogical information was obtained by searching records in courthouses, visiting cemeteries (some several times), census records, reading obituaries, and conversations with relatives and friends of the deceased.

A CENSUS OF CEMETERIES, DEKALB DISTRICT, GILMER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA a 174 page loose-leaf notebook released November 2001 and updated May 2003 is also available for \$18 (includes shipping). Checks should be made payable to Doris **RADABAUGH** and mailed to 2816 Spider Ridge Road, Parkersburg, WV 26104



**They Walked The Streets of Fame
The Parkersburg Jacksons
Descendants of George & Elizabeth Brake
Jackson**

Compiled by Linda Brake Meyers

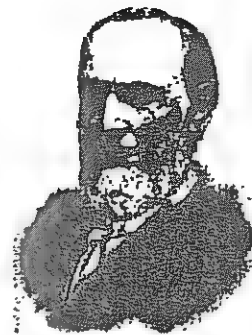
Research Assistants

Nancy Ann Jackson, Ph.D

John M. Jackson

Published by Jackson Brigade, Inc.

An association of the descendants of John and Elizabeth Cummins Jackson
2004



At a time when our nation tottered on the brink of a tumultuous civil war, two descendants of George **JACKSON** moved into the Wood County, (West) Virginia area. They had already risen to prominence in local circles, but it was in Wood County that they achieved great distinction and walked the streets of fame. Not only were they involved in western Virginia's early gas and oil boom, they also played important roles in the legislative decision-making process during the Civil War, resulting eventually in the formation of the new state of West Virginia in 1863.

Though he was greatly respected as an ante bellum legislator and judge by individuals in Wood and surrounding counties, William Lowther **JACKSON** returned from the Civil War a defeated Confederate general, known derisively as "Mudwall" and shunned by those he had formerly served in public office. As a result, he left his native state and migrated to Louisville, Kentucky, where he continued in his walk of fame until his death. William was the grandson of George Jackson, who was an early pioneer of what is now West Virginia and had an illustrious career in his own right. General William Lowther **JACKSON'S** history and genealogy is presented in Chapter One, "Family of William Lowther **JACKSON**."

General John Jay **JACKSON**, the progenitor of the second family presented in this book, was the grandson of George **JACKSON** and the illegitimate son of John George **JACKSON**, congressman, entrepreneur and brother-in-law to President James **MADISON**.

George and his son John George **JACKSON** set the pace for General John Jay **JACKSON'S** walk of fame. John Jay's speech in Richmond

regarding Virginia's secession from the Union is a historical moment in American history. His views and those of his three sons during the formation of West Virginia are part of the historical scene. All three of his sons and many of his descendants walked the streets of fame, as will be shown by the compiled sketches in this book.

Contains 46 portraits; 11 pictures of homes; 21 pictures of tombstones and 18 miscellaneous pictures. Approximately 246 pages in a spiral bound laminated heavy card stock paper. Cost: \$35.00 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling per book. If prepaid for delivery at the Jackson Brigade reunion Aug. 8 & 9, 2004 in Parkersburg, shipping and handling can be omitted.

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